NEW YORK'S SHEEP-FOLD and ITS COLLIE

"Ya-ep! va-ep! va-ep!"

How many of those who frequent the park have heard that cry, and, hearing it, have known what it signifies? It is safe to say that many of the children recognized it, for the children's little ears are very near to the ground, and a great deal that escapes the attention of the grown-ups comes to them.

"Ya-ep," is the cry of the shepherd calling his sheep. And the sheep, hearing his voice, stop nibbling the grass, slowly lift their heads, to be sure that it is the right voice, then, huddling together, come bounding over the greensward toward the shepherd, who stands waiting to lead them home to the sheepfold.

They form one of the pretty pictures in the park—the flock of sheep, the tall, gaunt shepherd silhouetted against the sky or the foliage, and by his side the famous collie whose value in money is said to be $2,000, but whose value in the matter of honest worth and canine beauty could not be estimated.

Jack takes the place of Daisy, who, after four years of faithful watch and ward, died of penumonia brought on by exposure to the changing conditions of New York's climate. The shepherd's voice is a little husky as he speaks of Daisy, and Jack, who never met her, but has heard much of her gentleness and goodness, rests himself against his master's knee and looks up into his face with that sympathy which a collie, more than any other dog, seems able to express.

The sheepfold and the surrounding buildings are a dull red like that you see in the farms of New England. The prim little path leads to an open door and within you find the shepherd. As he stands in the little room he seems more gaunt and taller than in the open.

You cross the enclosure under his guidance and he explains in passing that the sheep, sixty in number, are Dorsets. Then past some of the horses of the mounted police in their stalls, and up a long ladder which gets a little tiresome, although you are assured by the shepherd that there is plenty of room at the top. There is a smell of straw, and of hay and of scented grass in the air of the loft when you finally reach it. There are cobwebs hanging from the rafters. There is a flickering light and there are deep shadows.

It reminds you of something—and all at once you feel a pain in the shoulder you dislocated when you fell from the haymow. It is funny that that scene, so long forgotten, should be brought to mind.

Then another padlocked door is opened. It is dark here until the shepherd throws open a shutter which lets in a flood of light and at the same time reveals a charming woodland scene of treetops and azure sky. You don't have time to admire it, for there is a rush and scurry of welcoming feet, there is a quick, sharp bark and Jack and the shepherd are greeting each other.

It is your first view of Jack, of whom you have heard so much, and you are a little disappointed to think that the beautiful creature—for he is beautiful—should sleep on straw in a dark loft with padlocked door. His proper place would seem to be a velvet cushion—and yet, after all, velvet cushions and scented rooms and a valet's attention are for darlings of the Pomeranian and King Charles class. Jack needs none of them. He is independent of his environment.

Jack's chief proofs of long ancestry and right to be enrolled in the magic pages of the dogs' volume of "Who's Who" lie in the possession of a small bone located in the back of his head, which you feel admiringly under the shepherd's guidance, and an ebonized roof to his mouth, which Jack is made to disclose.

Jack has a long, pointed face and golden, hazel eyes that repeat the tawny tint of his coat. Under his face is an expanse of soft white hair, which in moments of excitement stands out like an ecclesiastical ruff. There are many moments when Jack suggests an archbishop.

He stands obediently to be weighed, and then, like a shepherd in a fairy tale, his master talks of him and of other dogs and about his life. While you are making a mental word painting of all this, the artist, you can see by a certain light in her face, is doing a soft crayon of the sheep and the dog and the shepherd. Then the shepherd says:

"Don't write anything about this, will you, Miss? And don't make a picture of the dog, will you, Miss, either? You mustn't. I ain't expected to talk like this and to show the dog."

Jack sides with his master and bristles threateningly. He doesn't know what it's all about, but he knows his master is right, and that's all a good dog is required to know.

And you promise, not because you are afraid of Jack—not at all—but because of the expression in the shepherd's eye as he asks you. But your promise ends with an "unless."

And the "unless" takes you the next day to the Arsenal in the Park, to the director's room, and he writes on a nice, white card that the shepherd is to talk and to let the dog's picture be taken, and the whole courtesy of the sheepfold is extended to you.

It is a lovely autumn day as you take your walk across to find the shepherd again. The sky is a deep blue, and one small cloud goes sailing across it looking for another. Here and there you get masses of color, red and orange, for the summer flowers are replaced by gorgeous, hardy blooms.

Across the playground, whose carpet is still as green and fresh as if it had never been trod, is a dun colored mass which moves like waves of the sea as you watch, and fronting the mass a solitary figure, his hands crossed on the top of a stick, and the head of a collie dog resting against his knee, watches the scene.

You skirt the meadow, softly quoting the familiar line, "Gentle shepherd, tell me where." And when you reach him and sit by his side and show him the card he is as gentle as you could wish.

And your hand resting on Jack's head, $2,000 Jack, who is just as plain and unpretending as if he were only twopenny Jack, the shepherd tells you of other dogs he has known, dogs who have with him watched the sheep from 6 in the morning until 6 at night, and, their duties over, have been laid to rest in unknown graves in the Park.

One dog he had nineteen years, and it is of him he speaks oftenest. One English sheep dog, the gift of Mayor Grace, was also a favorite.

And Jack? Jack is named for his giver, and he is a great care, it is true. He can have only one meal a day for fear of overfeeding, and the attendant heaviness and heart failing, and he must be zealously watched, for there are base souls who would not hesitate to steal him. But it is with Jack as with everything else in the world, the greater care, the greater affection.

The shepherd has been at work in the Park for more than forty years, and for the last twenty-nine has been caring for the sheep.

Every day until the snow comes he leads them in the early morn, when the Park is free from visitors and noise, to the green; and every day he watches while they nibble, nibble, nibble till the turf is close cropped like a beautiful, soft rug dyed to just the right tint to set off the sky and trees and flowers.

And he tells you how, since his task as shepherd began he has seen the change in the Park; how every year more and more people come to walk and drive and play, and from being a sparsely frequented place it is now crowded. In the years gone by he and the sheep used to wander slowly across the wide West Drive that separates the meadow from the sheepfold and never have to look to left or right, but now he and his dog have to be very careful, and when he gets to the edge of the road he waits and waits before he can cross.

Sometimes he holds up his hand, and then he tells you, with a genial look in his far-seeing eyes, that everybody is very kind, and the horses are reined and the auto cars stop with a big whirr and the sixty sheep placidly stray across. He has never lost one in that way, and none has ever been stolen or killed by stray dogs.

Once a year he has them sheared and the wool—an average of about ten pounds to a sheep—is sold at auction, with the sheep which cannot be kept. Farmers come from all over to the auction, for the sheep are a fine breed.

And then, in late March, a most unpleasant time of year to choose for their début, come the little pink lambs. It does not seem possible that the big, waddling sheep, with their dun colored coats and figures that have lost all lines of symmetry, were once little March lambkins; but the shepherd says they were.

He has grown quite trusting by this time, and makes you promise over and over that you will come again in March and see the little lambs and hold them, too, if you would like to do so. The shepherd speaks of these lambkins in the tone in which he mentions the dogs that are now dead.

Then, showing his new found trust still more, he puts Jack on a leader and leaves him in your care while he goes away for a moment. It is while you are holding Jack that the collie shows a new side to his character.

For all his thoroughbred ways, Jack has a little of the matinée idol in his composition. Parties of one, two, three and more come to see him. A victoria drives up, the door is held open by the footman, the coachman sits rigidly erect without turning his head, and a lady all in white lace and chiffon ruffles, a big picture hat and high heeled slippers comes trailing across the sward.

Jack and she greet each other like old friends, and he submits with more than passive good nature to her caresses. She explains with tears in her eyes that she had a setter once and Jack's eyes remind her of the other dog's in some way.

Then three others come, on foot and in plain tailor mades, but Jack is just as delighted with their attention, only he does disdain the peanut one of them, not knowing his thoroughbred tastes, has the temerity to offer him.

And when the children surround him, Jack shows an inclination to round them up in a bunch as he does the sheep—he's a knowing Jack. He doesn't seem to see any reason why children should be allowed to stray about in the loose kind of way they have. They'd be much better off together in one spot, but for all he disapproves their methods, he does not disdain their sticky hands on his face nor their sticky kisses and he lets them pull his ecclesiastical ruff without protest.

But when the shepherd returns, Jack seems a little ashamed of his vanity and turns his back on his new friends to return to the old.

And after they have melted away, the trio, Jack and the shepherd and the visitor, sit watching the sheep again and the shepherd tells how he came over when he was a mere lad from the old country and how—this in an abashed way—he married young and how his own flock has been brought up, some to die, some to wander away, and he is left with his wife and they live by the side of the sheep and near Jack, and that life is hard on a poor man and that he's afraid now he'll never get to go back, though he had dreamed once——

And the visitor says a word, just a word, about some beautiful lakes she once saw. It is near them the shepherd was born.

"And the Lakes of Killarney"—how the shepherd rolls that Killarney!—"they are just as beautiful, and nothing's been done to hurt them—you don't say? And Muckross Abbey, with the ivy still all over the ground, you don't say? And the Irish jaunting cars, you don't say?" And for the first time the face of the shepherd is wreathed with smiles.

But the day is over.

"Ya-ep! Ya-ep! Ya-ep!"

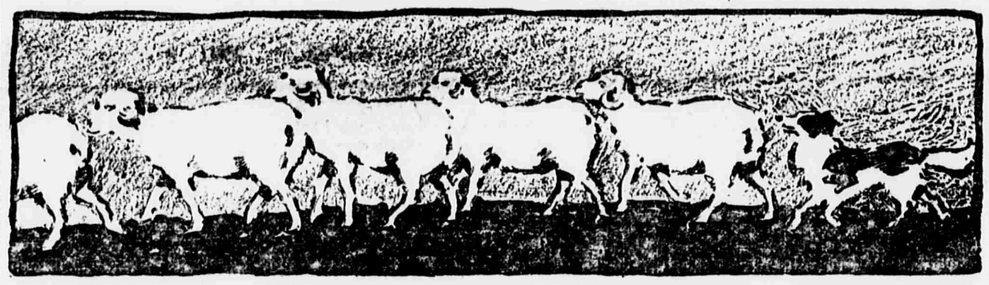
The call resounds across the meadow. First one sheep raises its head meditatively, then another, and another. Finally the sixty are aware that they have been disturbed. It takes them a moment longer to know why. Then with one impulse they come, awkward legged and heads down, toward the shepherd who waves his stick.

Jack, released from leader and authority, races about the outskirts, playfully rubbing up against one and another until, a compact mass, they start for the fold.

At the edge of the drive a blue-coated arm goes up. Traffic is suspended. One and another say: "The shepherd and the sheep." They cross in safety and in a moment are bounding through the entrance of the enclosure.

ACROSS THE MEADOW AT EVENING.

IN THE SHEEP YARD.



PUPILS DON'T NEED FREE MEALS

SO SAY PRINCIPALS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

If Some Children Go Without Breakfast, Poverty Is Not the Cause—Money Easy on the East Side—Housekeeping of a Little Mother—The Free Meal Plan.

"Far better for a child is a meal of bread and cheese provided by his parents than an elaborate course dinner furnished by charity," remarked the principal of one of the New York public schools, with an air of conviction.

"But is the bread and cheese always forthcoming?" a listener asked.

That same question has been asked over and over again in New York of late and for this reason:

Not long ago Dr. Maxwell, Superintendent of Public Schools, suggested in the course of an address that the apparently losing fight that many New York children put up to conquer the three "Rs" was caused by a lack of nourishment, and he tentatively proposed that the city should supply beef steak and baked beans or their equivalent along with free spelling books and arithmetics.

Since then many persons have taken a lively interest in the quantity and quality of the fare of school children, more especially those who live in crowded tenement districts. What do the children of the tenements get to eat, anyway? these persons ask. Do they go to school well fed or breakfastless? What about the midday meal—is it a cold lunch or a hearty dinner, or neither?

Incidentally, another question is being turned over with more or less interest by school teachers and principals. It is this: Supposing there are hundreds of children in the public schools who at times are reduced to half rations or less. How is that condition to be remedied? In very many cases, they say, it is not traceable to a lack of money wherewith to buy food.

For instance, in certain districts on the lower East Side, popularly supposed to be the very poorest, as they are certainly the most crowded, in the city, experts say that money is easy, that as a rule pupils have cents a-plenty to spend as they please. There are two principals at least in that locality who are very certain of this fact.

One of them has charge of a school in Chrystie street, a thoroughfare which swarms with children from early morning till late at night. She is not willing to state that none of her charges ever goes hungry because there is no money in the house to buy food, but she is very sure that such a thing does not occur often.

"It is astonishing," said she, "to see how much money children in this school have to spend—more than I have, I am sure. This alone shows that money is tolerably easy in their homes.

"Nevertheless, it is quite possible that many children in this school don't always get enough to eat, for this reason: In this community I find that parents in general, mothers in particular, have little conception, or none at all, of what duty means. Their idea seems to be to shove off their child en on anybody who will care for them.

"Most mothers down here would be delighted to have their children fed at the city's expense. Why, they don't object at all to sending them away to any institution on earth, provided they themselves are relieved of all responsibility.

"I don't mean to say, of course, that there are not notable exceptions to this rule. And it is the children of the exceptions who seldom go hungry. In any case, I don't know of any pupils in this school who are handicapped in learning their lessons because of hunger.

"The population in this section is mostly foreign. Russians, Hebrews, Italians, Poles, Germans are thickest, and foreigners, as a rule, believe in at least one hearty meal a day. When the children suffer most from hunger is, I think, in the morning; and that dozens of them come to school with nothing more staying in their stomach than a glass of soda water or some cheap candy, I am sure.

"You see, it is this way: five times out of ten, say, the mother, as well as the father, supposing there is a father, goes out to work by the day, starting at 7 o'clock, or earlier, and leaving the children asleep. There may be plenty of bread and butter left on the table for their breakfeast; but, unfortunately, this is flanked with a few cents to be spent for extras.

"Well, the youngsters usually get up late, and in the scurry of getting off in time they cut out the bread and butter, and on the way to school spend the cash at the nearest candy shop. More than once when I have been suspicious and put the question, 'What did you have for breakfast?' a little boy or girl would pipe up, 'Soda water.'

"At the lunch hour, though, nearly all the children go home to fill up on something or other. What sort of luncheons do they have? As far as I know, principally bread and butter, cheese, bologna sausage, milk or coffee.

"I fancy they don't have many dainties for lunch or many hot dishes. It is in the evening after the mother gets home that the heartiest meal is cooked and eaten."

A couple of blocks away from this building is the Rivington street school, which is attended by 2,000 boys and which is in charge of a principal who has been at the same post for nearly forty years. This man knows not only the boys, but also the neighborhood thoroughly—knows the habits and the financial status of nearly all the families whose children attend the school.

Among other things he knows what they eat; and he says the boys of his school eat hearty food and plenty of it. Like the Chrystie street principal, he thinks that cases of extreme poverty are rare in the locality. Well meaning persons, he adds, who refer vaguely to that part of New York as "the slums," and mentally picture its population as living from hand to mouth, make a big mistake.

"The majority of the families around here have more spare cash than I have," the principal said. "The other day I stepped into a store at the corner to get a ten dollar bill changed.

"'I can't do it,' said the proprietor, 'but I can get it.'

"With that he darted out to the curb and stopped a push cart vender whose boys attend my school. The peddler obligingly rolled up one trouser leg and fished out from his stocking a roll of bills that made my eyes bulge.

"Are the boys in my school well fed? Well, they seem to be. Every now and then a boy is discovered who has come to school without his breakfast, but when questioned he generally admits that it was because he didn't have time to eat any unless he came late to school. I have often noticed at the lunch hour that boys who bring their lunch to school are well provided with pretzels and substantial slices of bread and meat.

"The people in this neighborhood, though, are keen about getting something for nothing, and I am positive that were I to ask the boys, 'How many of you have had no breakfast?' and they thought there was the least chance of a free breakfast being provided, 1,500 out of the 2,000 would answer 'I have had no breakfast.'

"Personally, I think it would lower the self-respect of the children to give them free feeds."

When asked which was the best locality in which to look for hungry school children, the principal waved his hand toward the North River.

"Over on the west side of the town in certain localities," he said, "I think there is more poverty than in this district."

It turned out, however, that in one of the down town West Side localities indicated the principal of the school was quite reassuring on the question of his pupils' food supply.

In his district, which is near the river, most of the mothers who work out start at 5 A. M. and get back by 9 o'clock or so. They clean offices and stores and must finish their work before regular business hours begin. This arrangement interferes a good deal with the children's breakfast plans.

If there is an older child to play the mother, some sort of refreshments before starting for school are likely to be set out, but if not the chances for breakfast are slim.

"I believe most of my pupils get two hearty meals a day," the principal said; "get plenty of bread and meat and other hearty food, as well as fruit. There is a lot of fruit eaten in this neighborhood.

"This is not a crowded residence district, though, compared with others in the city like that above Fourteenth street on the West Side, and I think there is not so much poverty down here as there is further north.

"I can't think of a pupil in this school who appears to be underfed."

Up in the 40s, in a locality where of late the population has been increased by the arrival of a good many Italians, there is a principal who has a different story to tell. The primary department she governs is a large one and crowded.

"I think," she said, frankly, when a question was put, "that many of the children here are poorly nourished; that they don't get half enough to eat.

"Nearly every child goes home to luncheon, so it is not easy to tell what they get to eat, or do eat, then; but I know very many of them have little or no breakfast. I will say this, however: I have not found that the stupid children, the boys and girls who seldom manage to get even a low average of marks, are those who get the least to eat. Sometimes it seems to be just the reverse.

"I have in mind four or five children who I know are underfed, and yet they are the brightest in this school. On the other hand, I can think of several this minute who are so overstuffed, as a rule, that it seems to be impossible to cram anything into their heads.

"There is one boy, for instance, who almost invariably comes back from luncheon in a lethargic condition. He is the despair of his teacher.

"'What did you have for your lunch?' I asked him the other day when he was sent to me because he seemed to want to go to sleep every second.

"'Bread and sausage and beer,' he told me. 'I guess I had too much beer,' he added ingenuously. 'Mother gave me two cupfuls.'

"The family is German, and beer is their favorite beverage.

"As a rule when I hear that a child is listless and sleepy during the morning session I know that he or she has not had enough breakfast—none at all, most likely. I am always on the lookout for such cases, and so are the teachers.

"Time and time again I ask a small boy or girl 'What did you have for breakfast?' and the reply is: 'I haven't had nothin'.'"

"In such cases I always find out the reason, which is most often that the children have to get their own breakfast. Bread and coffee seems to be the staple breakfast among the poorer families, and it is often bread and butter again for luncheon, with tea or milk to wash it down.

"I called up a little girl of eight the other day to find out why she was so often late in coming back from luncheon. She has a younger sister and a small brother who attend this school too.

"'Mother works out,' said she, 'and I have to start the fire and make tea so that we can have something hot for our lunch. Mother told me I must always make tea for lunch.'

"When I can help it I never interfere with a mother's orders, therefore I arranged with the small housekeeper's teacher to let the child be among the first relay dismissed at noon.

"There is another little girl of ten, an Italian, who makes soup, she tells me, when she goes home at noon. Her father deserted the family some time ago and since then the mother supports three children by going out by the day to wash and iron.

"I will have Margaret in to tell her own story, which in some respects is much like that which dozens of other little girls in this school could tell, even to the bill of fare."

The principal touched a bell, gave an order, and a little girl born of Italian parents came in.

"I want you to tell me, Margaret," said the principal, "how you are getting on with your housekeeping. I want to know just how you go to work and get the breakfast and lunch."

"Mamma leaves coffee in the pot for me to warm up," the child began timidly, "and bread on the table and two cents to get some milk for the baby. He doesn't like coffee."

"How old is the baby?" asked the principal.

"Two years and a half, and my other brother is nearly eight.

"A lady across the hall wakes us up in the morning, and after I get the baby ready and we have had breakfast, I take him to the day nursery, where he stays till mother fetches him, and then Louis and I come to school."

"What do you have for luncheon, Margaret?"

"We have soup."

"How do you make it?"

"I put the meat in a pot and pour water over it, then I put in some greens and two or three potatoes. Oh, yes, it gets cooked in a little while. And we eat bread with it. I don't have to make a fire. I just light the oil stove," concluded the little maid, with a wise air.

"I wish I could be sure that every child in this school has so good a luncheon as that," sighed the principal after Margaret had disappeared.

"Would it not be a good plan then to give to the children in the poorer districts a free breakfast?" she was asked.

"I think not," was her answer. "Such a proceeding would only help to pauperize them and put the public schools on a plane with industrial schools.

"The whole country is proud of its public schools and the public school system. There would be no cause for pride were the schools turned into charitable institutions.

"If the children were fed, next thing they would expect to be clothed, and after that to be supplied with work at good pay. No, I think it would be a step in the wrong direction."

The principal who made the declaration in favor of an independent bread and cheese diet, thoughtfully added that in the case of children who were known to be handicapped in school work for lack of sufficient food it might be advisable to hand them a meal ticket occasionally, which could be made good at a restaurant.

"Even that plan, though, might fail of its object," said he, "for the reason that, if the news leaked out that free meal tickets were to be had, boys, and girls, too, who really could get enough to eat at home would play off and do the hungry act in order to get the better meal."

To Grave in Farm Wagon.

From the London Telegraph.

Though a wealthy landowner in Surrey, Mr. John Innes, J. P., had a simple funeral yesterday in Merton Churchyard. By his desire the ceremony was of a rustic character.

The coffin was placed in a wagon, and drawn by four farm horses from Manor Hall, the residence of Mr. Innes, through Wimbledon to Merton. A large party of laborers followed in their farm attire. In the wagon were placed several sheaves of wheat. Hundreds of spectators witnessed the remarkable procession.

AT THE AQUARIUM.

Tempering the Water to the Fishes—Big Turtles in New Quarters.

The warmed salt water supply for the tropical fishes at the Aquarium was turned on this year on Sept. 15, when the temperature of the water pumped from the salt water wells sunk through the rocks and sand under the Aquarium building had fallen to 68.

When the salt water falls to that point the tropical fishes begin to get logy and dull, and their appetites decrease. They are still in good health, but the water is too cold for them, and they would soon begin to decline in it, and a much lower temperature they could not stand at all. So the warmed salt water is turned into the tanks and the temperature gradually raised to 70, in which they regain their appetites and resume their normal life and activity. The water in their tanks is not permitted to go below 70 nor over 72 through the winter.

Over on the fresh water side of the Aquarium the Croton water as it flows into the tanks is still too warm for the comfort and well being of such northern fishes as the trout and salmon, and for them the supply of artificially cooled water turned into their tanks is still maintained. It will be cut off when the Croton water falls to a temperature of 60 degrees, which is usually about Oct 1.

Aside from the fishes that require to be thus specially cared for, there are plenty of others here that thrive in the water at its natural temperature, and some that are just now at their best; as, for example, the striped bass. In summer, when the salt water gets up to 73, the striped bass get dull and don't eat so much; but in September, October and November, when the water gets cooler and has some snap to it, they come into their full vigor and activity and eat freely and fatten up for their winter season, which is their period of inactivity.

The big Mississippi River catfish, which is in a class all by itself, stopped eating this year on Aug. 16. It had eaten regularly from May 13, the time it began to eat this year, until Aug. 7, after which it did not feed again until Aug. 16. Since that time it has eaten nothing, and it has now apparently settled down for its long annual period of hibernation, not to eat again until next spring, perhaps not until next summer. It would be a very economical boarder if it did not eat so much when it does eat.

Two of the Aquarium's big loggerhead turtles have now been transferred from the turtle pool to the far freer and ampler waters of the great central pool, where they may be seen to much greater advantage. The larger of these turtles, which weighed six months ago 269 pounds and now weighs probably 300 pounds, is about four feet in length on its upper shell, and six feet or more over all, from the tip of its beak to the end of its tail. The smaller one is about three and a half feet over all.

Seen in the turtle pool, where they had but a limited space to move about in, the big turtles inevitably appeared slow and stupid, but they present a very different appearance in the great pool, where there is room for them to swim freely.

The loggerhead gets its name from the resemblance of its head to the end of a log when thrust up out of water, but it is not by any means so dull a swimmer as its name might imply. As a matter of fact, it is a very able swimmer; and clumsy as it may appear when seen inactive, it may, when seen in motion, with plenty of sea room, seem not altogether unlike a giant bird. With great sweeps of its mighty flippers it makes its way with some rapidity through the water and when it changes its course it careens like some great bird in flight.

Like some other turtles, the loggerhead can catch fish. The snapping turtle, for instance, lurks in a hole in the bank and darts out its head and nabs some fish swimming past near by. The big loggerhead, now no longer birdlike, but like some armor clad creature of the sea, smashes its way into a school of fishes and closes its powerful jaws on one.

The big loggerheads in the great central pool may not always be found in motion; they may be floating at the surface of the water or resting at the bottom, but they are as likely to be seen swimming about and raising their big heads above the water; and in their new quarters they are well worth going to see.

Demanding Tips in Face of Death.

From Reynolds's Newspaper.

Money is so hardly earned by the Parisian workman and workwoman, and existence is such a struggle, that we need not wonder at the deadly tenacity with which earnings are clutched at. When some years ago the Opéra Comique blazed amid a scene awful as that of a battlefield, the women attendants thought of their tips, the half-franc due here and there for a footstool. Unmindful of their own peril and that of others, they rushed to and fro, besieging half-suffocated, half-demented creatures for their money.

A similar scene happened during the terrible catastrophe on the Paris underground railway last year. Although the delay of a few seconds might mean life or death, many workmen refused to move from the crowded station, clamoring for the return of the forfeited twopenny ticket.